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P O E M S,

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS:

IN WHICH IS A

MOST BEAUTIFUL AND NOVEL

Description

OF

HIS MAJESTY'S REVIEW

OF THE

Kentish Volunteers.

AUGUST THE FIRST, 1799.

BY WILLIAM PINN. K

CHATHAM:

PRINTED BY C. TOWNSON.

1800.

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THE BRITISH MUSEUM



ANNUAL REVIEW

OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE

IN THE YEAR 1801

BY WILLIAM PINNEY

PRINTED BY C. TOWNSEND

1801

LONDON

PREFACE

TO MY VERY ENTERTAINING BOOK OF POEMS.

Gentle Reader,

After receiving the very pressing Solicitations of my numerous Friends to commit my inimitable Work to the Press, I have bundled up what my extraordinary Judgment told me were the most valuable of my Manuscripts, and hope you will be so fond of my Performances, as to recommend them to your Acquaintances in every Direction:

In which you will, undoubtedly, cause me to be,

Your most obsequious, and

Very humble Servant,

WILLIAM PYN.

Globe-Lane, Chatham,

Nov. 24, 1800.

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TO THE CRITIC.

IT'S not for thee, myself to please,
I raise my feeble pen;
Ask not for favour, fame, or fees,
Nor judgment from thy ken.

No Muse invoke, but little quote,
No education mine;
Just as I talk, I write by rote,
No grammar to refine.

When I a leisure moment find,
Releas'd from daily toil;
What flows from my unletter'd mind
I sketch, worse thoughts to foil.

Yet would I wish, when prose or verse
 Employs my simple quill,
 That nothing foreign I express
 To candour or goodwill.

M I R A ' S L O S S .

THE mourn I make in yon brown wood,
 Or plaint in this fair grove,
 Flows from a heart, has long endur'd
 The pangs of grief and love.

Well witness can the purling brook,
 The sweet transparent stream,
 That ev'ry subject I forsook,
 For thee, my dearest theme.

What are to me the smiling meads,
 What charms in flow'ry plains;
 Tho' beauty, beauty, still succeeds,
 And verdure ever reigns.

These may adorn the circling year;
 In these may nature boast:
 But ne'er can banish Mira's care,
 Since all her comfort's lost.

The shepherd swains their pipes may tune,
 Whilst rural maidens round,
 Dance to the music by the moon,
 I joyless hear the sound.

For ah, alas! my Strephon's gone,
 The object of my love;
 Whose absence I am doom'd to mourn,
 The blithest of the grove.

ADDRESS

TO THE

NEWSPAPER.

PLEASING Instructor, bringing to our ken
 Each act important, 'mongst the sons of men;
 By thy assistance we, in little time,
 May view each nation, visit ev'ry clime;
 Behold the pow'r and wealth of every state;
 Watch the intrigues of all the mighty great,
 See their ambitious aims, and trace the cause
 Of feuds domestic, or of foreign wars;
 Follow their mandates to the hostile plain,
 View the fierce onset, count the maim'd and slain;
 Observe the victory and the lawrels won,
 Share all their glory, but of danger none.

Next led by Thee to contemplate the main,
 Where dreadful tempests hold indignant reign;
 There see the scatter'd fleet impetuous scud
 O'er the rough bosom of the briny flood;
 Where raging waves to lofty mountains rise,
 Roar as they roll, and seem to touch the skies:
 Scarce helm or sail the mariner can rule;
 Tremendous elements defy controul:
 With fury driven to the fearful coast,
 The haven make, or, dash'd on rocks, are lost;
 Whilst we in humble expectation wait
 Their safe return, till you unfold their fate.

When war bursts forth, that cruel scourge to man,
 When states 'gainst neighbouring states in secret plan,
 Thirsting for blood and spoil from shore to shore,
 When fields and seas are stain'd with human gore;
 Tis then, thy province justly to display,
 What dire events affect each passing day,
 When the brave peasants from each hamlet torn,
 In anguish deep leave relatives to mourn;
 The loss of Husband, Father, Brother, Friend,
 Tis thine a philanthropic aid to lend:
 Point out their woes, their cares, their indigence,

And urge the public to benevolence.
 When Faction to black Treason renders birth,
 And base assassins dagger'd now prowl forth,
 From councils dark, to plunge the murd'rous steel
 Into that breast that burns for public weal,
 The glorious task is thine, from sable night
 To draw their foul designs to truth and light.

When potent rulers bid their heroes cease,
 And deign to give their wearied subjects peace;
 When commerce may expand her milky sails,
 And wish no convoy but the favoring gales,
 Then with a secret pleasure we peruse
 The tranquil pages of the public news.

In Thee the gen'rous Monitor we find,
 With silent warnings, speaking to mankind
 Of strange vicissitudes, in every stage,
 From helpless infancy to hoary age.

To day we learn Alphonso met his fate,
 The instant he arriv'd to man's estate:
 His parents' only son, of noble blood,
 Who just had 'scap'd the danger of the flood,

The grand tour ended, and now quite complete
 His education to engage his seat
 Among the Peers, his power to display,
 Or in the Privy Council bear a sway;
 Him Phebe sigh'd for, amiable and fair
 Whom he ador'd, intending her to share
 His every comfort, in his splendid state;
 But see the hand of an unerring fate
 Cuts off the thread of life, to sudden death.
 He leaves his Friends, his Charmer, and his breath.

And here we find another awful tale;
 The sweet Priscilla, lately blith and hale,
 Pride of the age, for symmetry and mien,
 Not less in beauty than the Cyprian queen,
 Now breaths no more; how solemn to relate,
 In flames she meets her sad unhappy fate:
 Drest for the Ball, conversing with delight,
 On the approaching pleasures of the night,
 When from the fire a spark shot to her clothes,
 And in an instant the dread blaze arose;
 In vain she shrieks, in vain she cries for aid,
 Vain all the efforts of her frightened maid;

The raging element, the ruthless fires,
Her vitals seize, and soon the nymph expires.

For these were beauty, health, and wealth, bestow'd;
How intricate the purposes of God!
Did He, in condescension from his throne,
Upon his creatures of a day look down,
See them obnoxious to some wretched fate,
That might the peace of many ruin, and
And snatch them hence from transitory time,
To bless their souls in an immortal clime.

In the succeeding Paragraph appears
A Character who grac'd full ninety years;
Ran the good race, fought well the Christian fight,
Clos'd life's last scene with comfort and delight;
Whilst living, freely from a friendly store,
Bestow'd his bounties to the grateful poor;
Nor aught withheld his gracious God had given,
But here on earth anticipated heaven.

Blest man! would more thy bright example choose,
How eager should we grasp the public news:

Alas! too true, where we can read of one
Like thee, we find a many are undone.

Some Bankrupts by a vain and idle life,
Some ruin'd by the Law in hateful strife;
Some votaries to gaming, some to drink,
Some victims fall in prostitution's sink;
Some all their days in horrid rapine spend,
And justly meet an ignominious end.

Where dreadful rocks or shoals infest the coast,
By which the unsuspecting vessel's lost;
The beacon's plac'd to warn the future bark
To steer with caution from the fiery mark.

So you hold out the vices of the age,
And all their dire effects in love presage;
Thou kind Preceptor, offspring of the Press,
May we for Thee our Constitution bless,
And gratefully the privilege confess.

THREE BRITISH HEROES.

SOLDIER.

AGainst the general weal dread wars declar'd,
 In villages remote the drum is heard;
 The rustic quits the plow and half-till'd earth
 For polish'd arms, nor fears the threat'ning death ;
 His patriotic heart, its reeking blood,
 Dares to discharge for King and Country's good.
 Brave Soldier, may immortal honours wait
 To crown thy deeds in an eternal state.

SAILOR.

Around the world the hardy Sailor goes
 For universal good, nor dreading foes ;

The cutting winds that issue from the poles,
 Nor equinoctial heat his will controuls;
 Tempest'ous seas he beats, nor dreads the wars,
 But hastens to defend Britannia's cause.
 Go on, brave man, may Honor, Love, and Fame,
 Join to record, and eternize thy name.

MARINE.

And here behold the man who dare engage
 The hostile field, or ocean's utmost rage.
 The double warrior he at once appears,
 Inur'd to hardships, and estrang'd to fears;
 Inspir'd by love, he holds his country's cause
 Close to his breast, and rushes to the wars;
 Fame round the nations found his worth on board;
 On shore the foe with horror flees his sword.
 Thou brave Marine, may what you here endure
 In this short state, thy future bliss secure.

EPIGRAM.

AS the Parson was thatching his house t'other day,
 And I in his chamber sat stitching away,
 He slip'd from the roof, saying as he pass'd by,
 As I live, I believe by this fall I shall die.

AN ODE TO YOU, SIR.

A COMMON topic 'mongst mankind,
And much with the religious,
With life a thousand faults to find;
Nay, some are most litigious.

They sigh and say, "No matter when,
Or where we meet our doom,
Since bliss was ne'er ordain'd for men,
From birthing to the tomb.

Now I am made to differ much,
And think man's life so clever,
That I could willing go to church,
And pray to live for ever.

And not a doubt the same with you,

What e'er you deign to say;

The argument you feel but true,

As well as me the whole would too,

Drive off the evil day:

Ask yon decriped, aged man,

Whose life appears a load,

If willing to extend his span,

Or leave the beaten road.

What think ye, friend, with all his grief,

Would be the sage reply;

We cannot doubt, oblique or brief,

Nor would it stagger our belief,

He'd rather live than die.

Then why should I, when blest with health,

And of a happy mind;

Nor plagued with poverty or wealth,

Forfake the joys I find.

No, as I am I wish to be,
 In mind, nor mean or haughty.
 Lord, whilst the world, by your decree,
 Spins round its own great axle-tree,
 Let me stand still at forty*.

* Wrote at Forty.

*An EULOGIUM ON MASONRY, written by Desire of
Mr. Shaw, and recited by him on his Benefit-Night,
at the Theatre, Rochester, January 9. 1800.*

LADIES and Gentlemen,

with pure delight,

Your humble Servant meets you here to night,

Who has a secret found, nor dare indulge it,

So tortur'd is my mind, I must divulge it;

By Heav'n's I must and will, ye need not doubt,

I dread no consequence, I'll blab it out:

Yes, blaze that now, which pretty plain appears,

Has been envelop'd full five thousand years,

In shades impenetrable, and still unknown,

Except to Masons, and to them alone.

But now the cat comes out the bag, d'ye see,

I'll mouth the arts and parts of Masonry.

Silence now reigns in gallery, box, and pit,
 Sure all are proud I have the benefit:
 If so, 'tis generous duty bids me show
 I can be grateful; nay, 'tis what I owe.
 Well, out it comes.—Attention while I read,
 From Manuscript, the Mason's mystic Creed;
 But look around, my friends, for fancy's sake
 Observe, with fear now all my brothers quake:
 No wonder, since they've heard I'll bring to fight
 The precious gem that yields them much delight,
 To crown your wishes with my own this night.

Then friends believe, it is a Mason's theme
 To own, to love, to serve one Great Supreme;
 See him the Builder of this motley ball,
 The Great, Kind, Common Father of us all;
 And hold it good, his Sons a temple raise
 In which the whole should render grateful praise.

Next every Brother proves a Brother's care,
 Each boasts his compass, level, line, and square;
 His thought, his word within due compass moves,
 And all that's virtuous on a level loves.

His line he plumbs with caution and delight,
 And squares his actions by the rule of right:
 Nor once disturb'd with feuds, or church or state,
 Alike he loves and serves the low and great.
 Religion, nation, name, place, or complexion,
 Ne'er can forbid a Mason's kind protection.

And you, ye Fair, whate'er you would discover,
 Believe a Mason's bound to be a Lover:
 Tho' of his care each Brother takes a part,
 He must reserve for you a faithful heart.

Thus have I told their secrets by oration,
 Nicely reflecting on each obligation;
 And hope we all admire the sacred plan,
 Admitting a good Mason's a good man.

Then I've accomplish'd full my noblest ends,
 And bow with pleasure to my gen'rous friends,

A SERIOUS AND PLEASING

REFLECTION.

CAN e'er the magnet disregard the pole,
 Hail'd by the mariner, his surest guide;
 And pale-fac'd Luna too, the high controul
 She bears through ages o'er the restless tide?
 Light can it leave yon ample orb the sun?
 Earth on its axle too forget to turn?
 System forsake, on wild confusion run.

They may, they must, the mighty change perform;
 All order leave in that tremendous storm,
 When God, Great Architect, shall deign to draw
 Nature's yet firm, unalterable law,
 So shall it be; but then the virtuous soul,
 O'er the dread wreck shall stand and view the whole,
 Nor fear the shock, when spread from pole to pole.

AN EMBLEM.

A WEARY traveller, once by night,
 Whom fate had bid to roam,
 At distance saw a ray of light,
 Where he suppos'd his home.

No other glimmer could descry,
 And this conclusion drew:
 Tho' vex'd with doubts, 'tis best that I,
 This narrow path pursue.

Since, if 'twere possible to miss
 The wish'd-for place of rest,
 My consolation must be this,
 In faith, I did my best.

TO LEONORA.

TRUTH near accompanies (Tom swears)
 A lover's oaths or lover's prayers:
 But here my conduct, by the bye,
 Shall give the ratling rogue the lie.
 I court with zeal thy favouring smiles,
 Estrang'd to fascinating wiles;
 Nor dare become the fawning knave,
 Soliciting to be your slave.
 Say you're angelic; all divine;
 Beg leave to worship at your shrine;
 Compare your eyes to jetty floes,
 Your cheeks a blush above the rose;
 Your lips to coral, skin to lillies;
 Then post to swear the same to Phillis.

No, tho' disdain'd by every youth,
Nay, by yourself, I'll speak the truth.

Thou art, dear wench, my choice above
Each nymph on earth, and you I love:
If freely you'll the same return,
My heart with extasy will burn:
But frowning should you me disclaim,
By you, sweet girl, I'll do the same.

THE

STORY TOLD ANOTHER WAY.

O, LET me see, I think in days of Noah,
 Or 't might, perhaps, be some few years before,
 A Tailor liv'd, if right I tell my tale,
 Whose avarice had taught him ne'er to fail
 In cabbaging, and grew so base a thief,
 That nothing touch'd but he purloin'd a leaf;
 Till once in dreadful vision he beheld,
 Huge as Coloffus, Pluto in a field,
 With all the pieces on a massy pole,
 That he through life had from his neighbour stole,
 Black, white, red, green, brown, yellow, buff, & blue,
 With various others, which too well he knew,

Full it appear'd, without a doubt, as large
As ensign flying from the Royal George.

Struck with remorse and fear, the wretch awoke,
And with these words, or words like these, he spoke,
"O Lord, forgive me what is past and o'er,
And pilf'ring ne'er shall tempt thy servant more.

Down stairs he posts soon as he left his bed,
With falt'ring tongue to his domestics said,
"Should either of you see me thoughtless take
The smallest piece, when I a garment make,
Say, *Patch-Work*, Sir, that instant I'll refrain
From such vile acts, and all restore again."

All much concern'd, the strict injunction heard,
And in compliance gave a solemn word,
By which, a while, he seem'd both just and true,
And each employer found his right and due.

But, Oh! how frail we find poor mortal man,
Can we, unprejudic'd, but deign to scan;
Few, few, indeed, tho' honour high profess,
That inconsistent act not, more or less.

Not to excuse I'm moralizing here,
But would my readers were not too severe.

It seems however, on a certain day,
A cloth of curious texture came his way;
Its worth confider'd, resolution ceas'd;
His loss of late his anxious care increas'd:
Conscience forbid to pay a just regard,
In lieu of half he cabbag'd full a yard.

Obsequious John observ'd the naughty trick,
And, as commanded, chid him in the nick,
" *The Patch-Work, Sir,*" " Right, lad, I must declare;
But recollect, this colour was not there."

FOR A LADY,

BY DESIRE.

(Tune, Lullaby)

O, what can I (the faint requires)

Render to my gracious God,
Crowning kindly my desires?

Wisdom answers Gratitude.

Sweet return! it shall be given,

Whilst with life I am endu'd;

All I may possess of Heaven,

I'll repay with Gratitude,

GOODWILL ODE,

TO THE MOST CELEBRATED

M R. B A D D I N G T O N.

LORD, what a fuss the foolish folks are making,
 About the lucky purchase you have made,
 Both here and there, in such a plaguy taking,
 As if you had destroy'd the hopping trade.

He's caught, says one, the rascal's caught at last;
 I hope the worthless dog will have his due:
 But doubtless, he must pay for what is past.
 KENYON is known to spare but very few.

Let's hope they'll fine him handsomely. they cry.
 Fine him, the vagrant thief? No; tuck him up;

Had I my will I'd rear him full as high,
 As ever *Haman* swung (poor soul) in rope.

These are your country bankers, who to serve
 A gen'rous public, open public shops;
 With love at heart, no doubt, lest we should starve,
 They meekly take from you those pretty things,
 The brightest pictures of the best of kings,
 To purchase for, or from us, corn and hops.

Who's that? another cries, and pricks his ears,
 Why Baddington, catch'd out behind the wicket.
 Well done, my boys, then rubs his hands and swears,
 Notorious villain, now I know he'll nick it.

Damn him: I hope by way of an example,
 For life to Botany-Bay they will transport him,
 With all the wretched crew, who dare to trample
 On public justice, safely to escort him.

A very pretty set you'd have to fend;
 Those tricks are not confin'd to corn and hops:
 Monopoly its horrid iron hand
 Has stretch'd to all our towns, and nearly shops.

These are, great Baddington, the sad expressions
 That fall from vulgar lips; I think too harsh:
 You being in the freest of all nations,
 And hold, no doubt, some pretty good possessions,
 I'd have you try such insolence to crush.

It's scarcely right you should be so abused;
 Tho' much in fault, you're still a man-of worth:
 If gentlemen, for robbing, are so used,
 Sure no respect is paid to wealth or birth!

Now as I wish to steer from both extremes,
 I would not have you chok'd by way of sample,
 Tho't might be just, but hasty law it seems,
 Makes folks too soon forget the sweet example,

Nor would a fine suffice, that cash is ours:
 And could or would not, surely, vex or hurt you:
 And setting sail from hence; still cash hath powers,
 E'en there to bless; and thus I'd not transport you.

No, Sir, I'd watch you sharply up and down;
 Not closer poor barn-mice by cat-like owls:

Give you a good cart-ride from town to town,
And slip your face and hands thro' little holes.

Made for the purpose, on a pretty stage,
Where market-folks are wont to vend their store,
Where you might turn and turn, and hear the rage,
In justice vented by the suff'ring poor.

Thus, Baddington, like you, I hate a gibbet,
And should be joyful were they all put down;
But pleas'd nefarious scoundrels to exhibit,
At times I'd whip them thro' the staring town.

O D E

TO THE

NEIGHBOURING SHEPHERDS.

DEAR Leaders of the flocks in our vicinity,
 We beg and pray you will, in your divinity,
 Keep your sweet bleaters snugger in their pens;
 For when they stroll about our worldly pasture,
 They bite as close as we do, something faster,
 As if for good time lost they'd make amends.

In vain I fear your friendly exhortation

To call them from among us wolves and bears:
 Indeed they seem to doubt your penetration,
 And with more greediness roll round the cud:

Nay, some have stain'd their fleeces much with mud,
And frisk it like us brutes, devoid of cares.

But, Sirs, we'll lay aside your lov'd allusion,
Nor longer term your panting gents the lambs,
Or yet, as some would have us, ewes and rams:
No; to such families we give conclusion,
And call them saints elect, tho' rather frail,
That is to say, like others, head and tail.

We know you teach they are not of this world,
But may, when on a visit, use its treasures:
And some sad souls will add (aside) its pleasures:
But if too frequent, let the rogue be hurl'd
Down to the shades to toast or broil for torture,
But not to stew or boil.
The fact is, Poets lie, when you they tell
Of Lethe's dead'ning streams e'er reaching hell:
Old Belzee cannot boast a sup of water.

We know these tales you, in your love, delight in,
And feign would stop the progress sad of sinning,
By conduct they display excellent;

And doubt not in your zeal, you frequent frighten
Those who a dissolution find beginning:

Nay, some are young and strong, with weak and old.
And would increase your stock, then, Sirs, be told
Preach and protest that heaven's made of gold.

First as good Moses did in his great labours,
Tell all the chosen race that they might borrow
The gold and silver from their sinful neighbours,
And with it seek the promis'd land to-morrow,
Which flows for them alone with milk and honey,
And should for everlasting roll in money.

Then will you keep your ardent saints from sleeping,
Without your present study or exertion;
And drones disgraceful now not worth your keeping,
Will think your lectures then a choice diversion;
And we who love the world without digression,
Will join the throng with most sincere confession.

But now behold your saints all mix among us,
When you can spare them from conventicle:
And we most frequent find, dear souls, they've flung us,
By conduct they display excentrical;

Which traps us quickly, thinking them our betters,
But soon we find our interest in fetters.

Professing a dislike to worldly matters;
Declaring for such deeds, they're doom'd to hate us:
We take the bait, and lose our usual cunning,
And with it wealth, to double ruin running.
Now since forbid we should be happy, hence
Tis hard, indeed, that we should lose our pence;
And scarce allow'd to hold a little sense.

Excluded thus by fate from future bliss,
You surely should not take it much amiss,
That we the fruits of this poor world enjoy:
Nor let thy saints our happiness destroy.

Grant that a sanction to our plea be given:
Let us live here, and pack them off for heaven.

Yours, &c. PINN.

FROM

O N E C O C K

TO

ANOTHER.

YOU strut, you clap your wings, and crow:

And happy may, since ten

Fair females form your seraglio,

Beside your favourite hen.

I have but one, yet if I turn,

Tho' harmless as a dove,

Mine eye aside, that one will mourn

The absence of my love.

Conceit I somewhere do enjoy,

Like you of fair ones ten;

Tho' I confess, I need no more

Than her my favourite hen.

E P I S T L E.

ARGUMENT.

ABDALLA and ARMOSA betrothed to each other, were Natives of Cashmire, the most pleasant Province in India. Abdalla being strongly solicited by a principal Omra to accompany him to the famous City of Agra, consented without the Knowledge of his beautiful and endearing Armosa, from whom he stole to follow the Caravan that had past their Village a Day or two before, of which Armosa gained Intelligence, and sent after him the following Epistle.

ALAS, Abdalla! what induc'd your flight
From all that could combine to give delight?
Why other provinces should you explore,
When every country to thine own is poor?

Can Agra boast the lucid streams that flow,
 In gentle murmurs from the mountain's brow?
 Whose verdant banks adorn the rural scene,
 With bloom perpetual, and an endless green.
 No! 'tis acknowledg'd thro' the spacious east,
 Thy native spot by far exceeds the rest,
 For beauty, order, pleasure, health, or ease,
 Each taste to suit, each appetite to please.
 How gladly does our mighty Potentate,
 Fatigu'd and tir'd with all the toils of state,
 Lay for a moment all his honours by,
 To taste the sweets from which you choose to fly.
 The royal turban, once upon his brows,
 Sat light and pleasant; now too heavy grows;
 Nor can his treasures, tho' immense, impart
 Content or pleasure to his princely heart;
 He seeks them here; and by his conduct owns
 Nature hath charms superior far to crowns.
 A lesson might to thy advantage prove,
 Would you but listen to the voice of love.

Now winter's past, the rains are o'er and gone,
 And nature puts her richest garments on;

The lovely flowers in fair order spring,
 While feather'd songsters thro' the vineyards sing;
 Grapes hang in clusters, figs in bunches grow,
 Pines and pomgranates grace the mountain's brow;
 The fragrant lillies, mixt with herbage green.
 Sweet scents the air, and decorates the scene:
 Delightful spot! once pleasing to my view;
 Now render'd incomplete for want of you.

How often have we sought the cooling shade,
 By Nature's hand for faithful lovers made:
 But now, alas! disconsolate I roam,
 Forlorn abroad, dejected when at home.

O! could you know the pain of mind I've felt,
 Your gen'rous heart would with compassion melt:
 On the first eve I miss'd you from the grove,
 O where, said I, does my Abdalla rove?
 What keeps him hence? Too well I know he's not
 Yet with his flock, or in his peaceful cot:
 Perhaps he's gone to join his fellow swains
 In some exploit, on the more distant plains;
 Or else in chace he plys his fav'rite bow,
 And fearless drives thro' woods his savage foe,

Who furious from the mountains, bent his way,
 Of flocks or herds to make a bloody prey :
 As oft you have forsook the frightened plain
 And left me trembling, 'till return'd again.
 Swift flies the foe, more swift thine arrow flies,
 Till shot, he falls a bleeding sacrifice.
 Thus leopards, tygers, lions too have fell
 To thy victorious arms, with dreadful yell.
 But now I fear'd that you the howling wood
 Had pierc'd too far, and stain'd it with thy blood.
 Night far advanc'd, I laid me down to rest,
 But fear on fear surpris'd my anxious breast ;
 What sad mistrust upon my vitals prey'd,
 I am, said I, I surely am betray'd.
 He has forgot the vows to Heaven and me,
 So frequent made, and courts another she ;
 But cannot guess why I should lose his love,
 Or what he found in me to disapprove,
 That he should go without a kind adieu,
 Except too chaste I've been, or lov'd too true.
 Sure he has found some damsel loosely free,
 And for illicit love forsaken me.
 No nuptial rite the wanton nymph requires :
 The youth's embrace is all her heart desires.

Thus the whole night I past in wretched grief;
 Yet hop'd that day and you would give relief.
 Soon as the dawn appear'd I sought the plain,
 In pensive mood, to ask each shepherd swain,
 If they could to a hapless virgin tell
 Where you had stray'd, or what had you besel.
 All negligent my flowing garments were,
 And every gesture spoke my wild despair.
 I ask'd, but no intelligence could gain;
 My searches serv'd but to augment my pain:
 Nor should I yet by any means have known,
 To what unhappy region you had flown,
 But for Othelim, thine avowed friend,
 Who calmly bad me all my sorrows end:
 He is, said he, to Agra's city bent,
 And begs you'd wait with patience and content:
 For e'er the queen of Heaven fills her urn
 Twelve times with light, expect thy love's return,
 Who once to me, by our great prophet swore,
 No one on earth but thee he could adore:
 Nor would have gone without a kind farewell,
 But fear'd thy tears would 'gainst his will prevail.

Ah, cruel news! he little knew the smart:
 He gave Armofa's pre-afflicted heart,
 When he could jocund say, you'd not above
 Twelve moons be absent from the maid you love;
 When but a day without you more appears
 Than all my former life of fifteen years.
 O! had thy love, Abdalla, equall'd mine,
 No cause you'd have to rue, or I to pine.
 For did I now Indoflan's Prince behold
 Deck'd in his royal veft, embofs'd with gold;
 Rear'd on an elephant in pompous ftate,
 While slaves unnumber'd round his perfon wait,
 Whofe fhouts are heard afar when he difplays
 His fhield, made precious by the diamonds' blaze:
 To thefe thyfelf and cot I would prefer,
 And gladly in your humble fortune fhare;
 For what are treasures, if we cannot find
 Eafe to the heart, or pleafure to the mind.
 Come then, my fwain, nor longer choofe to roam,
 But with affection blefs your native home.
 Why would you leave me with thefe happy lands,
 To fearch for dangers on the burning fands.
 Suppose you fhould efcape the various ills,
 The thoughts of which my breaft with horror fills:

What virtue, honour, profit, peace, or fame,
 From such a journey can you think to claim.
 But should the Georgian or Circassian crew,
 Or base banditti from Natalia, view
 Thy youthful charms, no stratagem they'll miss
 To sacrifice your liberty and peace :
 What numbers have these wand'ring wretches tore
 From this fair province, to return no more :
 And prove this truth Constantinople can;
 So Persia's capital fam'd Ispaham,
 As well as Egypt's great metropolis,
 Who join to rob us of our chiefest bliss :
 To those the haplest swain or virgin's sold
 For abject slaves, in lieu of cursed gold.
 These are the snares to which you open lay,
 And yet you bid me let my life be gay.
 As well might you attempt to turn by force,
 The laws of nature from their wonted course;
 Bid rivers from their common source to flow,
 Or from the poles the winds prevent to blow:
 Or bind the sun a captive in the East,
 As move these sorrows from Armosa's breast.
 But could I see you back I'd cease to grieve,
 And your long absence readily forgive :

Each pleasing art employ to make thee blest,
 And fondly press thee to my panting breast.
 Then come, Abdalla, to these arms return,
 And thy Armofa shall no longer mourn.

TO

MY PRINCE.

AN ODE OF AFFECTION.

MY Prince I love, and while I live and breathe
 I will do so, unless I change my mind:
 Should he die first, unfeigned shall I heave
 Unnumber'd sighs, if ever be resigned:
 For notwithstanding stil'd a Prince, 'tis true,
 He's ever honest, kind, and faithful too.

Unlike those Princes, who by subjects fed,
 Forget themselves and such, and tyrannize
 Enjoying high luxuriant board and bed,
 Unmov'd see thousands fall a sacrifice.
 No: tho' amazing as a Prince, 'tis true,
 He's ever honest, kind, and faithful too.

Princes will claim a mighty deal of praise,
 If chance they do not liberty and cash
 Snatch from the folks; as frequent now-a-days,
 We hear of nations losing all such trash.
 Not so my Prince, astonishing, yet true,
 He's ever honest, kind, and faithful too.

Princes, were you ingenuous as my Prince,
 How lovely to the people you'd appear,
 Who would, like me, their great esteem evince;
 You must to them, and they to you, be dear;
 They'd proudly say, tho' Princes, yet 'tis true,
 You're ever honest, kind, and faithful too.

Display'd before my Prince my treasures are;
 And say what other Prince enjoys such trust:
 No anxious achings, no corroding care,
 Affails my heart, well satisfied he's just:
 Then since my Prince proves honest, kind, and true,
 He shall, poor dog, e'er find me faithful too.

FROM

REAL LIFE.

THE waiter call'd, "Come, come," the vet'ran said,
 "My worthy lad, and light me up to bed."
 "Yes, Sir," the youth, with an uncommon glee,
 And thus aside, "You'll not forget my fee :
 Shall I assist you, Sir,? Ay, boy, my frame
 Has been hove down, since which I'm something lame;
 Tho' splic'd and fish'd, messmate, you needn't fear,
 But to my hammock I can steady steer.

Thus up the stairs, with true familiar chat,
 'Till to the bed, when down the hero sat;
 "Unscrew this arm and lay it in the chair."
 "Sir," said the boy, and wond'ring, 'gan to stare;
 But willing to oblige, declin'd a frown,
 Turn'd twice, or thrice, and laid it safely down:
 "That's right, good fellow, now this serve the same;
 You know I told you I was something lame."

Surpris'd the youth, th' unusual task performs,
 And side by side disposes of his arms.
 But what astonishment his bosom fills;
 His vital blood in every channel chills,
 When he a leg lifts up, and says "With care
 Unscrew this, lad, and lay it in the chair."
 Trembling he takes it off and puts it by:
 The second leg he raises with a sigh;
 "This too, my worthy soul, pack with the rest."
 The boy aghast, a thousand fears express'd.

Old Spritsail saw the youth so much amaz'd,
 He with most solemn pliz upon him gaz'd:
 "Now Jack, to finish just unscrew my head,
 "And whilst its' warm my body put to bed."
 Scarce out the word, unable to contain,
 With horror fill'd, he bellow'd out amain,
 And cross the room, quite lost to sense he flew,
 Roll'd down the stairs, for not a step he knew.

FOR MRS. MARY IMRAY,

BY DESIRE.

(Tune, Heave the Lead.)

WHAT shall I render to my God

For all the mercies which I find,
Unmerited, unfought, bestow'd

Both on my body and my mind.
O! rise my soul, let purest praise
Swell out thy song to endless days,
And him adore.

Envelop'd by the shades of night;

His wond'rous love I faintly see;
Yet reason, by her glim'ring light,
Displays his kindness great to me;
And hence I hope, in realms above,
To sing my God's unbounded love,
For evermore.

EXTRACT FROM THE STAR,

FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1800.

When Peter Pindar, overpowered and hustled out of Wright's shop, was obliged to quit the field of battle to his adversary, he desired the following letter to be given to Mr. Gyfford.

Mr. William Gyfford,

As there are certain expressions that require a little of the severity of satire by way of a corrective, so there are others of so malignant a nature, as to demand a horsewhip instead of words. Had you possessed something more of the human form, I should have treated you as a man; but as things are, you must be contented to be whipped as a malicious monkey.

August 18, 1800.

The mob did not interfere in the fracas between the Poets; they heard the reciprocal exchange of epithets and wondered how men so equally gifted by nature should ever differ. But controversy in general shews that men who are agreed in essentials, will contend vigorously for circumstantials.

AN
O D E
OF
COMPASSION, INTELLIGENCE, AND ADVICE,
TO THE
MOST MODEST, MILD, MEEK,
AND
MERCIFUL POET,
P E T E R P I N D A R.

O GENTLE Peter, what a luckless day,
When you and your dear brother differ'd?
What think ye now the busy world will say
Of peerless Peter and the Poet Gyfford?

Most glorious news! it flies on rapid wing,
From Wright's old shop,
Till told in very rapture to the king,
And all that pop

Into his blessed mansion, with more glee,
Than if from di'ful war the globe got free.

Delightful hubbub to the favour'd race :
Not sweeter clover to the buzzing bees ;
Nor more, before a new-made mayor the mace,
Or drunken beggar to an host of fleas.

What think you now of Britain's worthy Head,
Which you dare verlify to stone or lead :

Ah, wretched finning !
Nay, all the palace, riming you annoy,
From that same sacred Head to scullion boy,
To set them grinning.

Aye, lamb-like, dove-like Peter, odeing such is,
That kings and queens, lords, ladies, dukes, & dutchess,
Would club to get you maul'd, dare they but shew it ;
They smile, it's true, but hate your metre, Peter,
Bad as poor Bridget doth a burning heater,

She'll curse the iron, and they'll damn the Poet.

But what delicious game for great R. A's,
Who long have with'd to bundle up your bays
For burning :

Proud would they leave their beds to light the fire,
Those oft you've splash'd and dash'd

With their own mire,
And left them, whilst you tun'd your pretty lyre,
All mourning.

But be advis'd for once, kind cooing Peter,
Emblem of innocence, sweet cordial creature,
Fly for support to your own matchless metre,
Believe a friend not feigning:
Blest art, in which you e'er must hold the odds,
Ordain'd, no doubt, by all the group of gods,
But thrash'd you must be, when you take to caneing.

A
STORY TO PETER.

PETER, you tell of pilgrims and their peas,
 A sort of funny and, you say, true story,
 How one had boil'd them to trudge more at ease,
 And we doubt not the truth, for, if you please,
 A thousand rogues had told the tale before ye.

And far as I can learn, for I'm no scholar,
 You shew your mode a kind of precedent,
 Which I've an itching, with your leave, to follow,
 Tho' well assur'd you'll ever beat me hollow,
 Yet why not try my strength, no harm is meant.

A tale I mean to tell, as true as yours,
 And full as old and good, for aught I know;
 And I've a priest too, who undoubted cures
 The dreadful wounds and putrifying sores
 Of wretched conscience, and to sin a foe.

He held his levy in the land of bulls,
 To hear the dire effects of mortal passions,
 From all who were not arrant rogues or fools,
 Who stigmatize the priests as mere state tools,
 He learn'd, no doubt, their secret finning fashions.

And as their crimes appear'd of different hues,
 His penances, he christian-like, bestow'd:
 Some, as you say, were oft' compell'd to use
 Of peas a few (not boil'd) in brogues or shoes,
 Some by self-flagellation found their dues;
 Some starv'd their stomachs to appease the Lord.

A pretty tribe each reck'ning day appear'd,
 Grey hairs on palli'd pates by many worn,
 While smirking youngsters, tittering too, assembl'd,
 Who, as their various acts and fancies own,
 For fear, or feigning fear, alike all trembl'd:
 And who would wonder, could the whole been heard,

Among the rest, however, Mother Whalen
 Went frequent thither, and as often frisky:

Be not amaz'd, for she, poor soul, was ailing;
Indeed she stood in need of some regaling,

Which forc'd her, 'gainst her will, to tipple whisky.

However, as old Belzebub would have it,

The priest too prying found the huffy out,
Chastis'd her handsomely, and bid her leave it,

Or double penance she should do, no doubt.
By all the faints she swore, for her transgression,
She'd not drink whisky more before confession.

Not as had been, full nineteen to the dozen,
Did her sweet tongue run now; no, thank ye, cousin:

But meek and mild as butter-milk she stood;
Nay, Sir, beyond a joke. the priest's kind labours
Were seen and fully known by all their neighbours;
In fact, all swore by Heavens she was good.

Till t'other day, of sins another sort,

She penfive went to cleanse her sable budget,
Quite faint; indeed, I own that she was faint,
Thus, in some measure, must excuse her for't;

And hope of my sweet temper every saint
Will prove, and pardon if she'd drank a quart,
And render'd quite incapable to trudge it.

But she, poor creature, luckless on the road,
Found her dear stomach somehow rather qualmish,
And burthen'd with her scarlet sins a load;
And still, to make things worse, the weather warmish;
She stop'd at Dean Swift's Head, the Irish Poet,
Whisper'd the host, "Sell me some water briskly,
And in it dash, d'ye mind, a pint of whisky;
But have a care, dear Sir, you do not shew it,
For damn'd I must be if I ever know it.

I AND U.**A SCHOOL EXERCISE FOR MY SON WILLIAM.**

OF all the letters I have learn'd,
 Or vowel, or yet consonant,
 I think that I should stand the first,
 I, ever innocent and just,
 I, who am prudent, I, so wise,
 I every foolish act despise;
 I love myself, I love my friend;
 I nothing see but I can mend;
 I know the best, the mean, the worst,
 I give, I lend, I pay, I trust;
 I render all their rightful due;
 I far exceed the letter U.

U stands for ever in distrust;
 U leads the van in aught unjust;
 U fondly clings to the uncouth;
 U shades his features in untruth;

U with unruly rogues will be;

U we in usurpation see:

I find indeed from what is past,

I should be first, and U the last:

I wish sincere the world to see,

I never can with U agree.

NOVEL DESCRIPTION
 OF
 HIS MAJESTY'S REVIEW
 OF THE
 KENTISH VOLUNTEERS.

AUGUST 1st, 1799.

HERE bring my pen, my rustic pen,
 Let me some sober minutes make,
 While yet they float in reach of ken,
 About the day, that great day when,
 Kent's Volunteers, brave, loyal men,
 Assembl'd for their Sovereign's sake.

My Liege, all health, Lord Romney told,
 The day he'd view his volunteers;

His gracious will the prints unfold;
 Then what a clatter, young and old,
 To see the King would give their gold;
 A charming job for tongues and ears.

'Twas all their business nights and days,
 In house or stable, church or barn;
 By coach or boat; nay, any ways,
 At intervals of prayers or plays,
 Nought but of the Review we learn.

Sir, do you go; Ma'm, do you go,
 And all the little folks, I trow;
 Well, really, 'twill be wonderous fine;
 We hear the Princes and Princesses
 Will all be there; dear then what dresses:
 'Tis said too they intend to dine.

Thus converse morning, noon, and night,
 While time moves on with careless wing,
 Displaying by unalter'd flight,
 He churlishly takes no delight
 In pleasing people or their King.

At length, however, came the day,
 Keen curiosity to blefs :
 The Sov'reign and his subjects gay,
 All hug themselves, so fond were they
 Of being seen: how could they less.

Then folks of all conditions try'd
 Means, good or bad, to be convey'd,
 No matter how, so they but ride,
 Above, beneath, outside, inside,
 Sir, ma'am, Miss, Master, man, and maid.

Coach, cart, gig, waggon, whiskey, chaise,
 Horses from twelve to twenty hands,
 With harness form'd a thousand ways ;
 The oddest, queereft, drollest, bands,
 E'er seen before in George's days.

Roads, lanes, and paths, in motion all,
 With gee, high gee, and high gee O;
 Rich, poor, high, low, with great and small,
 Spur, whip or whistle, fit or fall,
 No matter much, so on they go.

I took for me, my rib, and cubs,
 A crazy cart and high bon'd horse,
 Who travel'd with some coaxing rubs,
 And now and then, a few sound drubs,
 As fast, tho' not too fast, of course.

However, to our longing sight,
 Maidstone, that famous town appears;
 Full as an egg, with pure delight
 Was ev'ry heart; in fact 'twas right:
 And just as full of noise our ears.

Pray, do you know the time, kind Sir,
 His Majesty will come to town?
 Come, come, my love, do let us stir,
 I fear we never shall get down.
 I wish his Majesty was here,
 Don't you, my Dear? I do, my Dear.

Bounce, goes a cannon, ladies start.
 Now bawls a fellow, Mutton Pies.
 I wish the King, with all my heart,
 Was come to town, another cries.

Pray, when's the King expected here?

At ten, young man. I thank you, dear.

By this the great Town-Hall we pass,

Where Britain's noble standard flies;

And thousands form a motly mass,

Staring about with all their eyes;

Still ever asking, as we steer,

What time, pray, will the King be here?

To the triumphal arch we walk,

Rais'd high to honour George the Third:

There of its pretty trophies talk:

For nothing could be seen or heard.

But Pretty, take my honest word.

Nay, churches, children, houses, men,

And ladies too, believe, no joke,

One livery wore of lovely green,

And thus their loyalty bespoke,

By boughs and sprigs of royal oak.

Indeed so gay did all appear,

Such satisfaction in each face,

I would have had the day a year,
 An age, I mean, so free from care,
 And that for all the human race.

But. Sir, can you inform us, pray,
 What time we may expect the king?

To day, my dear. Yes, Sir, to day!

But can you, Sir, the hour say?

O, Ma'am! that's quite another thing.

I heard at ten, and then eleven:

But much inclin'd to think myself,
 He'll bring the numbers pretty even;
 Lord Camden has a breakfast given,
 Which may detain him e'en till twelve.

This arch upon the bridge looks well,
 With fruit and flowers nicely dress'd;

Simplicity bids it excel

All I have seen. Dear, how we're press'd,
 And push'd, and shov'd, and all the rest.

Well, on we bustle for the ground;
 The pleasing spot we soon obtain;
 But Mr. Cloud above we found
 Had caught affront, look'd black and frown'd,
 Not being ask'd, I'd lay a pound,
 And order'd us a pelting rain.

Without the least respect in life,
 He lash'd Jan Ploughshare* and the Wit,
 And trimm'd poor me, with Kate my wife;
 Not partial in the watery strife,
 From Mr. Sweep to Mr. Pitt.

You've seen the fowls about your door,
 All dripping wet at every feather:
 Bad as they look, I'm sure no more
 So than the ladies fifty score,
 All soaking in a group together.

Ah! Mr. Cloud, 'twas quite uncivil:
 I might have smil'd, a little shower

* A fictitious name, behind which a very modest poet chose to screen himself, till his composition on this most charming subject had flood the public investigation.

Had you sent down, to shew your power,
 And thus with decency embrac'd the ladies :
 But furlily you shew your purpose evil ;
 You wash'd their pretty faces for an hour :
 I much suspect such tricks your common trade is.

Well, this the park ; this stil'd the mote ;
 Lord Romney's so much talk'd-of seat :
 Deserving much esteem, no doubt,
 Was *Pinn* but blest with such a spot !
 From life's rough scenes he'd find a snug retreat.

Nature indeed a pleasant picture's drawn,
 With various beauties, as with partial hand,
 Or hill or dale, here meadow, there a lawn,
 Deep verdant grafs, and fields of waving corn,
 A stream delightful intersects the land.

The lordly mansion from a rising ground,
 Commands in every point a pleasing view :
 Thro' the park's interstice, with nimble bound,
 Are seen the deer : here flocks and herds are found ;
 There stately swans their snowy plumage show.

And still to grace the chequer'd scene,
 Five thousand marshal'd volunteers
 Of horse or foot, who wish, I ween,
 To ogle George with his good Queen,
 Then stuff and quaff with stomachs keen,
 And rend the air with loyal cheers.

All pleasantry; no rearing bristles,
 Tho' march'd by night, and here six hours,
 Drawn up in lines as strait as thistles,
 Without a sup to wet their whistles,
 Except they gape at falling showers.

Hark! there the gun, the deep-mouth'd gun,
 Announcing Majesty is near:
 As touch'd by magic every one,
 Towards the spot their eyes all turn,
 Appointed for him to appear.

Where long had sat within the gate,
 On snorting steeds, for Britain's King,
 His mighty Minister of State
 Dundas and Duke of York, whom fate,

With Loughborough's Lord, had made so wet,
 Their jackets you, might wring.

Bright Sol to his meridian height

Just climbs, when Majesty appears :
 Guns, drums, wide mouths, with all their might,
 Expressive of the folks' delight,
 Burst forth like thunders to our ears.

Well pleas'd to see and hear his friends,

Now right, now left, his sacred head
 Uncover'd most respectful bends,
 Tho' rain imperiously descends
 For kings, unconscious of a dread.

Congees exchange'd, he press'd his spur

Most loving to his charger's side :
 The Prince of Wales near to his hand,
 The Dukes of Glou'ster, Cumberland,
 With many a Lord and many a Sir
 For Royal Tent together ride.

Where just arriv'd our gracious Queen
 In carriage, to evade the drops ;

That batter'd other people's chops,
And with her charming girls get in,
Which really highly grac'd the scene.

However, not alone they feat,
Quite condescending, tho' in flurry,
They Lady Jane Dundas intreat,
With Ladies Camden, Darnley, Murry,
Radnor, and many more to hurry.

Till quite as full as it could stow
Of beauty, honour, wealth, or worth;
Sure, such a fascinating row
No other tent on earth could show,
Since Royalty first had it's birth.

Egad, said I, what charming creatures:
Star'd, scratch'd my pate, and thought of treason;
Such forms, such eyes, bewitching features,
Kate leer'd; I'd spoke, it seems, quite out of season
Fine feathers make fine birds, (said she,) the reason.

The far fam'd British Oak must now
Or cap, or bosom, decorate

Each Lady sports, at least, a bough,
 Her dear attachment to avow
 To Britain's highly envi'd, peerless state.

Then with such sweetness broach the bottles;
 Rise, curtsy, kindly give the wine:
 With loyal healths, and down their throattles
 Most graceful send it, and incline
 To view of volunteers the line.

Now king, prince, dukes and, earls, to boot,,
 With pompous train of nobles ride;
 And all the military suit,
 To see the sons of freedom shoot,
 And raise around an emulating pride.

But still the cloud, to such high folks unus'd,
 Sent from his fable bosom, helter, skelter
 Great large round drops which George's face abus'd
 Tho' t'might be friendship, (if so, wrong accus'd)
 Perhaps 'twas least his Majesty should swelter.

Be that the case or no, I am very proud
 My King held up his dear anointed head.

Defying all the efforts Mr. Cloud
 Could make against him, or the gaping croud ;
 And seem'd to say, you rascal, who's afraid.

From right to left, from left to right,
 Most gay and graciously he rode
 Along the line a glorious fight :
 All ranks determin'd to display delight,
 Which George, as pleasingly again bestow'd.

But here again must speak of Mister Cloud :
 Not as before, now something to his praise ;
 He brighten'd up his face, the rogue, and shew'd
 A better temper, steering off allow'd
 His neighbour sol to spread around his rays.

After he had enjoy'd awhile the fun,
 Or what you queerist's frequent term a rig,
 Of washing royal powder smartly down
 The royal phiz from royal crown;
 Or rather from the royal wig,

Now Camden nobly leads the horse ;
 Brave Romney exercis'd the foot;

Field Marshal Duke of York, in course,
 Heads the command of all the force
 Assembled in the joyful mote.

Here, view they poise the glittering steel;
 There valiant cut the liquid air;
 In columns march, divisions wheel:
 All, all, a mighty motion feel:
 What luck no patriot Frenchman there!

Now quit the ground, or march, or trot;
 Some off to left, some take the right,
 To gain possession of the spot,
 Where fate had order'd as their lot,
 They all should make a b'lieve to fight.

As baited bulls the cannons roar'd,
 And musquetry went pop, pop, pop;
 Kate really gave her honest word,
 She ne'er in all her days had heard,
 Worse racket in a brazier's shop.

Some, dauntless, penetrate the wood;
 Some steal along the verdant hedge;

Some on the road heroic flood,
 And highest feats of valour shew'd,
 To take, or to defend the bridge.

The ablest artist never drew
 From fact, or fancy, finer picture;
 A battle won and lost in view,
 Yet not a single soldier who
 Could vanquish'd be, or boast the victor.

A King, God bless him, plump in fight,
 On outside of a charming horse,
 Who prov'd amain the folks' delight;
 And had he stay'd till fable night,
 Would all unceasingly rejoice.

And 'pon my honour, look'd right well,
 Stout, fresh, and hearty, kind, and gay,
 As many thousands round could tell;
 Nay, seem'd for age to bear the bell;
 And long, in truth, I hope he may.

The battle o'er, by order beat
 The sweetest tune this day for drumming;

From dreadful conflict to retreat,
 To gorge of lordly wine and meat.
 O what a blessed moment coming!

Regain'd their ground, their arms they pile.

Off goes the gun, as I'm a sinner;
 In every countenance a smile:
 Now comes reward for all our toil,
 The signal's given, boys, for dinner.

And such an one scarce ever seen,
 Where seats and tables form a square,
 Sufficient for five thousand men,
 In companies upon the green,
 All well equipp'd with stuffing geer,
 And here we have the bill of fare.

Just sixty lambs, in quarters cut;
 Two hundred, aye, and forty dishes;
 Two hundred twenty pies of meat,
 With ditto, ditto, ditto, fruit;
 And, least such common fare to eat
 Their gentle stomachs shou'd n't suit,
 Fowls seven hundred meet their wishes.

Three hundred hams, and tongues same plenty,
 Boil'd beef, roast beef, and joints of veal,
 Of each two hundred and just twenty:
 Sure not a soul on earth so dainty,
 But here might make a mortal meal.

And then to wash the solids down,
 His Lordship seven pipes of wine
 Had bottled-off; ale, old and brown,
 Full sixteen butts, that not a frown
 Disgrace a visage when they dine.

Now King and Queen, with Princes and Princesses,
 Most condescendingly dismount to treat
 Their subjects, and be treated with caresses,
 Which flow from Loyalty's pot-boiling heat;
 And please their palates too with viands sweet.

Except the Heir Apparent, who his jib
 Haul d-up, as seamen say, shov'd-off his boat;
 More pleas'd to share his pleasures with his rib,
 And in a plaguy hurry left the mote.

Near to the fighting, eating, drinking, bands
 The grand pavilion stands,

For Royal Guests erected;
 From which they view those champions of their lands,
 By whom they are, and hope to be protected.

Here the great head of this most potent nation
 Receiv'd Sam. Chambers, ever dub'd Esquire,
 With full grown consequential corporation;
 But don't mistake, in duty let me tell ye,
 I hint not really at the Sheriff's belly,
 But Maidstone's body politic entire.

Who with that share of trepidation due,
 To supereminence, approach'd and gave
 Their solemn promises in quaint address,
 That they and all dependants would stick true
 To King and Constitution, and to save
 The same, would fight;
 The rogues, what could they less!

You know the custom of a twelfth-day eve,
 From which my simple simile I bring:
 The cake unequal cut, and with your leave,
 Tho' all may pay and dip alike, you give
 The greatest slice to him who draws the King.

So when His Sacred Majesty did show,
 He graciously was pleas'd, amid the group,
 He bad the leader bend, who did, I trow,
 And rose again a Knight, the man of rope.

Not thus the rest,
 Tho' all are blest,

Lord love them, how they stand!
 So inwardly confus'd, no soul but feels
 Electrifi'd, when Georgy holds his hand
 For kissing by the Gents. the brain now reels,
 All fix'd they know not how, or head or heels.

They're serv'd and off.

Before the grand marquee
 The chieftains now of the courageous troops
 Draw up, and introduc'd to Majesty,

Obtain the crown of their most brilliant hopes,
 That is to say, the sweet, bewitching smiles
 And thanks, from gods and graces of our isles.

Now all the Royal Party take their seats,
 Accompanied with brave Myn Heer, awake,
 And greatly condescending of the sweets
 To take.

Whilst Romney, with his son and lovely daughters,
Attend, and prove a pretty set of waiters.

Near to the royal tent see pitch'd
Another, sumptuously enrich'd,
For Ministers of State a batch,
Whose arts the world would fail to match,
And we, indeed, conceive no crime to watch.

Who kindly many years have show'd
The necromancer's magic wand,
Can ne'er deceive a multitude,
With half the grace the goose quill wou'd,
If manag'd with a flight of hand.

But hark! the mighty host have all begun
The grand attack: Lord blefs us, what a rattle!
Tis pleasant, surely, best of all the fun,
A knife and fork excells a sword and gun;
A field of meat exceeds a field of battle.

Here view the people, there behold the Prince,
All working mates alike, alike enjoy.

Which plainly doth to me at least evince,
 His Majesty, God blefs him, would not mince,
 If wifer'd right, distreffes to alloy.

Not as an Eastern despot, who alone
 Crams his enormous gullet like a finner,
 Then arrogantly from his awful throne,
 Commands his herald with a trumpet blown,
 To fay the shagbag kings may go to dinner.

No, George, you're not that man, I trow,
 But in the lump would really wish to blefs us;
 And all the folks that stare about you now,
 Would to their knees in stocking fight I know,
 To save your bacon, deign but to carefs us.

Now every where the loyal toast goes round,
 The King, the Queen, the family at large,
 At every charge;
 The hills and dales resound,
 From all descriptions loud huzzas redound.

Led by their chiefs, songs in full chorus rise,
 Whilst martial music strikes the pleasur'd ear;

Sub

73

Field Marshal Duke of York, in course,

Heads the command of all the force

Assembled in the joyful mote.

Here, view they poise the glittering steel;

There valiant cut the liquid air;

In columns march, divisions wheel:

All, all, a mighty motion feel:

What luck no patriot Frenchman there!

Now quit the ground, or march, or trot;

Some off to left, some take the right,

To gain possession of the spot,

Where fate had order'd as their lot,

They all should make a b'lieve to fight.

As baited bulls the cannons roar'd,

And musquetry went pop, pop, pop;

Kate really gave her honest word,

She ne'er in all her days had heard,

Worse racket in a brazier's shop.

Some, dauntless, penerate the wood;

Some steal along the verdant hedge;

L

Some on the road heroic flood,
 And highest feats of valour shew'd,
 To take, or to defend the bridge.

The ablest artist never drew
 From fact, or fancy, finer picture;
 A battle won and lost in view,
 Yet not a single soldier who
 Could vanquish'd be, or boast the victor.

A King, God blefs him, plump in fight,
 On outside of a charming horse,
 Who prov'd amain the folks' delight;
 And had he stay'd till fable night,
 Would all unceasingly rejoice.

And 'pon my honour, look'd right well,
 Stout, fresh, and hearty, kind, and gay,
 As many thousands round could tell;
 Nay, seem'd for age to bear the bell;
 And long, in truth, I hope he may.

The battle o'er, by order beat
 The sweetest tune this day for drumming;

From dreadful conflict to retreat,
 To gorge of lordly wine and meat.
 O what a blessed moment coming!

Regain'd their ground, their arms they pile.

Off goes the gun, as I'm a sinner;
 In every countenance a smile:
 Now comes reward for all our toil,
 The signal's given, boys, for dinner.

And such an one scarce ever seen,
 Where seats and tables form a square,
 Sufficient for five thousand men,
 In companies upon the green,
 All well equipp'd with stuffing geer,
 And here we have the bill of fare.

Just sixty lambs, in quarters cut;
 Two hundred, aye, and forty dishes;
 Two hundred twenty pies of meat,
 With ditto, ditto, ditto, fruit;
 And, least such common fare to eat
 Their gentle stomachs shou'd n't suit,
 Fowls seven hundred meet their wishes.

Three hundred hams, and tongues same plenty,
 Boil'd beef, roast beef, and joints of veal,
 Of each two hundred and just twenty:
 Sure not a soul on earth so dainty,
 But here might make a mortal meal.

And then to wash the solids down,
 His Lordship seven pipes of wine
 Had bottled-off; ale, old and brown,
 Full sixteen butts, that not a frown
 Disgrace a visage when they dine.

Now King and Queen, with Princes and Princesses,
 Most condescendingly dismount to treat
 Their subjects, and be treated with careffes,
 Which flow from Loyalty's pot-boiling heat;
 And please their palates too with viands sweet.

Except the Heir Apparent, who his jib
 Haul d-up, as seamen say, shov'd-off his boat;
 More pleas'd to share his pleasures with his rib,
 And in a plaguy hurry left the mote.

Near to the fighting, eating, drinking, bands
 The grand pavilion stands,

For Royal Guests erected;
 From which they view those champions of their lands,
 By whom they are, and hope to be protected.

Here the great head of this most potent nation
 Receiv'd Sam. Chambers, ever dub'd Esquire,
 With full grown consequential corporation;
 But don't mistake, in duty let me tell ye,
 I hint not really at the Sheriff's belly,
 But Maidstone's body politic entire.

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 To supereminence, approach'd and gave
 Their solemn promises in quaint address,
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 To King and Constitution, and to save
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All working mates alike, alike enjoy,

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 To fave your bacon, deign but to carefs us.

Now every where the loyal toast goes round,
 The King, the Queen, the family at large,
 At every charge;
 The hills and dales refound,
 From all descriptions loud huzzas redound.

Led by their chiefs, songs in full chorus rise,
 Whilst martial mufic strikes the pleafur'd ear;

The louder cannon to the lofty skies,
 Their unaccustom'd joys seem proud to bear.

Thus joyful all: e'en Sol upon his way,
 Declar'd himself most heartily delighted,
 And gave his honour, had he time to stay,
 That certainly for Briton's sons, the day
 Should not their pleasures foil, by being nighted.

However, on he trudg'd towards the West,
 And my good King too, intimated loving;
 'Twas time himself, his mate, and all the rest,
 Should, like good folks, do what was surely best,
 That's think of moving.

His gracious will proclaim'd, the men of powder,
 Most briskly push'd from hand to hand the liquor;
 Egad, no lads on earth could hollow louder,
 Or toast a King or Queen, or swallow quicker.

From East to West, and so from North to South,
 An endless buz, as bees when busy swarming;
 Each soul, as vulgar phrase is, giving mouth;

And right they did, good fellows, for in troth,
 'Twas charming.

But e'er ye go, my worthies, with affection,
 I beg you'd take my blessing; tho' beware,
 Each mortal man among you has his share:
 For all alike have promis'd George protection;
 And cabbaging, you rogues, I cannot bear.

Behold, I give it with uplifted hands,
 With phiz as solemn as if dub'd a Pope,
 And full as efficacious too, I hope.

Be ever blest, ye brave and loyal bands,
 Justly rever'd the guardians of these lands.

Yes, friends, your King, yourselves, this spot and day,
 Must be renown'd and history's sacred page
 Shall to the future generations say,
 Britons, be firm, unite, and emulate;
 The prince and People, when to guard the state
 They join'd with loyalty, and blest the age.

EXTRACT

FROM THE

TOWN AND COUNTRY HERALD.

THE KENT VOLUNTEER CORPS.

y, His Majesty having reviewed the Yeomanry Cavalry, and Volunteer Corps of the County of Kent, at the Mote, the Seat of the Right Hon. Lord Romney, Lord Lieutenant of the County, on the 1st instant, the following letter was, by His Majesty's command, written to his Lordship on the occasion, by the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

The Mote, August 1, 1799.

MY LORD,

I have His Majesty's commands to express the extreme gratification he has received in reviewing the Volunteer Corps of the County of Kent. Notwithstanding all the reports of their good conduct, loyalty, and proficiency in their military duties; their appearance in His Majesty's presence as far exceeded the most sanguine expectation. I trust you will communicate to them, in the most forcible manner you can, His Majesty's most cordial approbation; I confess myself unequal to the charge of doing it in terms sufficiently expressive of His Majesty's feelings.

I have it specially in command from His Majesty to mention to your Lordship, that the military appearance of the Volunteer Corps of the County of Kent, was but one ingredient in that heartfelt satisfaction His Majesty has this day experienced in contemplating a display of those virtues and manners which distinguish the genuine character of Englishmen, and that however much it may be improved, will

never be impaired by the example of the person to whom His Majesty has committed the charge of this great and respectable county.

The particular day chosen for this Review naturally brought to His Majesty's contemplation the circumstances which, in securing the Constitution, placed at the same time his family on the throne of these kingdoms, and after a lapse of almost a century, during which the same system of liberty and law has remained inviolate, the manifestations of loyalty and attachment His Majesty has met with, have sunk deep into his heart, and made an impresson which never can be effaced.

I have the honour to be, &c.

HENRY DUNDAS.

ROGUE IN GRAIN.

THE learned ranfack Egypt, Greece, and Rome,
To raife our wonders, or engage our fmiles;
Whilst duller pates may contemplate at home,
The arts improv'd in thefe prolific ifles:
And welcome they, fince we in truth can boaft,
Of great, immortal, characters an hoft.

Tho' I ne'er dare the panegyric raife,
The pen fublime fhall give our worthies praife;
Content to fay, if Britons but engage,
Aught good or bad, perfection proves the rage;
Which here to prove, with an impartial vein,
I dare attempt by my brave Rogue in grain.

Trace hist'ry cautiously, from its beginning,
 Mark well its progress to the present day;
 Depict the pretty means men had for sinning,
 Attracted, or by power, pride, or pay;
 None, till a Briton, could the summit gain,
 No, no, 'twas left for my brave Rogue in grain.

Now, what these rogues in state, or other places,
 Who nibble, mouse-like, 'mong the public stores;
 Poor, paultry fellows, thoughtful of disgraces,
 The cart's-tail dreading, or of making faces,
 On decks of hulks, or Bot'ny's ample shores;
 March off, ye dastard rogues, ne'er hope to gain
 A countenance, where stands my Rogue in grain.

What the poor rogue, who with a trembling frame,
 Dives to the bottom of my pocket, and
 Draws forth my purse or handkerchief: mean game!
 A horse-pond fearing, or to him the same,
 A soaking at the pump, compell'd to stand:
 Low, wretched rogue! by leagues he'll ne'er obtain
 A place, near which I place my Rogue in vain.

Or what the rogue, when night her sable vest
 Expands and lulls the weary world to rest,
 Who breaks our dwellings, bears away our wealth,
 Destroys our lives, our limbs, our peace, or health:
 Inhuman rogue! yet positively plain,
 He lags afar behind my Rogue in grain.

The rogue who stops me on the road, and swears,
 Or life, or money, he must instant have:
 Nor spares a moment, for reply, or prayers,
 Secures my treasure, or bestows a grave:
 Terrific rogue; society's sad bane!
 Still wond'rous distant from my Rogue in grain.

Nay, summon all the rogues of earth to view;
 Display, recount, the mischiefs they may do:
 A mighty host, undoubted, must appear,
 And dreadful deeds afright the eye and ear:
 Yet these the law, or conscience, may refrain;
 But neither ever shocks my Rogue in grain.

My rogue can, unaffected, hear the cries
 Of wretched widows, and the fatherless;

Fly to a purchase, store the precious prize,
 And add distress, with pleasure, to distress:
 Treat every sacred sentence with disdain,
 And glory in the title, Rogue in grain.

My rogue can, by his very trite manœuvres,
 Give pain or pleasure to all ranks at will;
 That is to say, can stuff us, or can starve us,
 Unload our stomachs, or our bellies fill:
 Extol'd, in consequence, should be, and fain
 I'd high exalt my precious Rogue in grain.

My rogue, when God bestows an ample store,
 Impartially around the favour'd land,
 Untouch'd can hear the mourns of starving poor,
 Lock-up the product with an iron hand:
 Smile at distress, more certain to obtain
 A fund of wealth, my fordid Rogue in grain.

My rogue can prove, without equivocation,
 That Heav'n itself, indeed, is very poor;
 Has given all it could, can spare no more:
 Not half enough, my friends, to serve the nation.

Produce his equal? No; each effort's vain;
 Hell knows no fellow for my Rogue in grain.

My Rogue can boast his intimacy great
 With Mistress Justice; and the story goes,
 He has been seen by honest folks of late,
 To tread, jocosely, on my Lady's toes:
 If true the wisper, will my rogue refrain
 From grasping more? No: not my Rogue in grain.

My Rogue your folly loves, laughs in his sleeve,
 On flimsy paper puts a spell or charm:
 Rich as a nabob you my rogue conceive,
 And for, *I Promise*, give up cash or farm,
 Which he, by art refin'd, will firm detain,
 And prove no rogue exceeds my Rogue in grain.

Now say, ye neighbouring nations, can ye show
 A rogue to copy mine? Truth answers, No.
 But partial are the ills that others do,
 When my brave rogue an empire may o'erthrow;
 If law must not his vagrant tricks restrain,
 All hands shall truckle to my Rogue in grain.

My Rogue is worth his very weight in gold;
 Tis what he loves to gain, and loves to hold:
 May he possess a plenty, ne'er to part,
 Like sage and onion stuff'd into his heart:
 Then rais'd respectfully above the main,
 As high as Teneriff my Rogue in grain.

AN
AFFECTING STORY.

FIERCE burnt the turf, and fierce the Christmas log,
 And merry we, for there were many of us;
 Our kin from Tullymore and Allen's Bog,
 Resolv'd, with song and tale, in mirth to move us.

Round went the laugh, round went the tickling joke,
 Round too, from hand to hand, regaleing whiskey;
 And not a single soul a sentence spoke,
 But shew'd the mind intent on being frisky.

O'Neal sang Gra-macree and Onagh's Lock;
 Whelan a story told, which cheer'd us highly;

But here our sport receiv'd a sudden shock,
From the appearance of poor Darby Riley.

So awkward stumbling backward to behold us,
Most horrid was his figure to our sight ;
His chin, poor boy, hung down between his shoulders ;
What souls could ever suffer greater fright !

Not less than that sad, sacrilegious wretch,
Who for a bet had form'd the base design
To steal a skull from underneath the church,
And heard a hollow voice cry out, "That's mine!"

Nor more the miser, who had barr'd his door,
And in each crevice careful stop'd a rag :
Conceiting all secure, to view his store,
Drew from beneath the hearth his massy bag.

When arm'd with brush and scraper, little sweep,
Black as an imp, from chimney did appear,
And said, with awful tone, "Let go that heap,
For Belzebub, my father, 'll soon be here."

Now Peg scream'd like a pig tied to a stile ;
 And Patt, dear fellow, star'd with all his eyes :
 And faith, Delany wont forget awhile,
 Who scarce could live or die, for dread surprife,

Yet I could speak, and so I could, it's true ;
 And to myself I wisper'd " Who's afraid ?
 Then like a man cried, " Darby, is it you ?
 Spake, by Saint Patrick, whither man or shade.

A solid man said, " Darby, by the Pope,
 Let ev'ry mortal 'mong you keep his seat ;
 And faith, your fears will hurry off, I hope,
 When my ownself the story shall repeat."

Thus spoke : nor eye, nor ear, but 'gan to stare,
 Whilst silent as the dead of night each tongue ;
 When Darby took himself a crazy chair,
 And o'er the back his chin uncouthly hung.

Said he, " My fate it was in last keen frost,
 To trudge with poor Dan Murphy to the wake

Of Mother Blarney, and got nearly lost :

Ods blood, sure now my very soul doth ach.

Huge fleaks of snow came skimming down around us,

Till only I and Murphy could be seen :

And blund'ring onwards, where d'ye think we found us?

Why, on the lake ; and faith, I tumbl'd in.

The ice too loose, upon the surface parted,

Then closing sharply, whip'd off Darby's head :

I sang out, " Murphy," and poor Murphy started :

Indeed, no wonder ; or I would been dead.

Frighted enough, Lord knows, but out he pull'd me,

Resolv'd, if possible, to save my life :

Convinc'd the ducking had sufficient cool'd me,

And hop'd to take me to my babes and wife.

He snatch'd my head up in a wretched hurry,

And stuck it on just as you see it stands ;

And I, thro' fear, in such a plaguy flurry,

Held it 'till froze quite fast, with both my hands.

Nor once consider'd being wrong, or right,
 Till Murphy sat me down within the door ;
 When my poor wife cry'd out in dreadful fright,
 She never saw a face behind before.

O D E.

VARIETY IS CHARMING.

IN this queer world of ours we find two faces,
 As folks agree, are never made alike;
 And droll it is, yet true as droll the case is,
 Tho' I have rambled thro' ten thousand places,
 I never could on such a couple strike.

How very handy too, this change of face is,
 In length, in width, in colour, each so known;
 That whilst we judge diversity so strange is,
 We must thank Providence, which all arranges;
 It often helps the rogue to get his own.

Say, would not some great men, in lofty places,
 Who have incur'd the public detestation;
 Fain with their coats exchange their felon faces,
 To shun those highly merited disgraces,
 Awarded by a just resenting nation.

But, thank our stars, no shifting skins are granted;
 Or good, or bad, each must retain his own:
 Else many, at this moment, would be wanted;
 Nay, this poor cot continually be haunted
 To purchase mine, by many of the town.

And as such chaps would proudly truck or barter,
 So would a few who deal in hops or corn;
 Fearing, poor souls, the folks should crave a charter
 To pass their pretty faces through a garter,
 And bid the Drop *, in sweet revenge, go down.

Nor could they be to blame; I'd do it, really:
 Yes, yes, my front and purse too, give another,
 Rather than leering stand at the Old Bailey;
 Nay, thieving faces would be practis'd daily:
 In such a case I'd rob an only brother.

* A cure for the stomach ach—to be had at Newgate.

THE
 AUTHOR'S MODEST REQUEST,

AND

Farewell.

TRUTH, all agree, should ever be rever'd;
 Well, worthy reader, here, behold, I shew it.
 I'm mighty fond of praise, upon my word;
 Could like to hear you say, a charming Poet.

And why not praise? 'Tis wondrous cheap, egad;
 Not more expensive than the Friar's blessing;
 But lest the fable you should not have read,
 Peruse it here, if time is not too pressing.

THE FRIAR AND JESTER.

A wag, and doublefs, he a wicked wag,
 Appear'd before a very holy Father,
 Complaining of his empty purfe or bag,
 Affuring him that he was poor; but rather

Than act as others did, bafe, fwindling fellows,
 Shift quarters frequent, and as frequent brush;
 Bilking each hoft, and taking in the tailors;
 Not caring for their confciences a rufh.

He'd trudg'd as naked round the fpacious globe,
 As did in Eden's garden Father Adam;
 Tho' pinch'd and pester'd full as much as Job,
 When on the dunghill tantaliz'd by Madam.

But that at present he was very poor,
 And ever thought benevolence prodigious,
 Flow'd from the hearts and fouls of the religious,
 In rapid freams; in confidence, therefore.

And confequently, came to crave a boon,
 A pound, to fave him from a woeful plight;
 That on his knees he morning, aye, and noon,
 Wou'd for him pray, nor clofe his lids at night.

Without performing of the grateful task,
 Ah, youth! (the Friar) what pity you've to ask;
 What sweet, prevailing language, how sincere,
 I wish 'twas mine to give, thine heart I'd cheer.

No doubt, the wag repli'd, with deep-fetch'd mourn,
 Well, Father, where 'tis not it can't be had;
 Blood never can be drawn from out a stone.
 You're very right, the Friar said, my lad.

I'm sure to serve you I should much be willing.
 Then, Sir, (the youngster) can you spare a shilling?
 Dear! how my heart for you, my son, doth grieve:
 What comfort 'tis distresses to relieve.

None but myself knows what this bosom feels;
 How painful to a charitable breast:
 I wish I could bestow it, I protest;
 And with a sigh his protestation seals.

O, Reverend Sir, the youth again repli'd,
 I dare not doubt the goodness of your soul:
 'Tis painful, to be sure, to be deni'd;
 But who can sad necessity controul!

Yet as my case is hard, if you can spare
 A simple penny, it may give relief.
 Poor youth! I pity you, I must declare,
 Your importuning calls me to be brief.

My mind is tortur'd at your present woe;
 Did I as some, a vast estate command,
 How cheerful all you want would I bestow;
 Your grateful heart should bless my gen'rous hand.

But now so very similar our cases,
 I've not a single farthing I can spare.
 Your piety, (the youth replies) amazes
 My very soul! O, Father, hear my pray'r.

Tis not the trash of this sad state I crave;
 Gold is at best, a curse, a huge temptation;
 Fit but to please a worldly fool or knave,
 And bribe them from the cares of their salvation.

Pardon, from your good mind, my past entreaties;
 I ask'd but to procure a pious lesson:
 And now unfold whatever to me sweet is,
 The blessing of the saints: O, give a blessing!

Tis granted, Son, in love it shall be given;
 Kneel down with freedom, from my hand receive it;
 Commission'd to bestow the gift by Heaven.

I thank you, sacred Sir,; but I'll e'en leave it;
 Since, if 'twas worth a farthing, you'd not give it.

Now this you'll own was rude, I cannot doubt;
 The blessing, all must know, would do no hurt:
 I'd rather have the favour of a lout,
 Than be disgustful, tho' with diamonds girt.

And would my readers speak a little praise
 Within my hearing, then how I'd enjoy it;
 And if my pride you should a quantum raise,
 I will not, worthy friends, indeed, destroy it.

No, no, I love it much, and beg you'd give it;
 For, merit, neighbours, prithee, be not nice;
 If that's your aim, I never shall receive it:
 No, faith, my hopes must wither in a trice.

But if you wish me well, and would bestow
 A kindness on me, read a little story,

Which may instruct you with desert or no,
To favour much, behold, it lays before ye.

THE WHIMSICAL FRAUD.

Once, in the hurly, burly, of a fair,
An artful shaver blew a trumpet loud :
Perhaps Bartholemew's, no matter where :
However, thus assail'd the gaping croud :

Step in, walk in, said he, and you shall see
A horse's head where right his tail should be.

The pretty British Ladies and the Gents.
Esteem'd by all the world for weight of sense,
With eagerness into the booth they jump,
To view a horse's head upon his rump.

Which must surprising be to all beholders,
And his long tail too stuck between his shoulders :
A very pretty beast, indeed, to ride,
On which a novelist might take a pride.

But mark the disappointment, when they see
The horse's tail turn'd where his head should be ;

That is to say, his tail was in the manger :
A charming trick, indeed, for friend or stranger.

Well, Sir, and now relate the consequence,
Why, fearing the disgrace of wanting sense :
They all agree, to ease the ridicule,
To tell the folks outside 'twas wonderful.

Or else the laugh against them much must run,
So call'd it a good joke, a bit of fun,
And glori'd in the numbers taken in :
Now I intreat you'd do the same for Pinn.

When you have read my verses and suppose,
By outward show, I've led you by the nose,
Say, what a charming fellow, Lord, how fine,
He decorates with flowers every line.

Say, I have read his pieces all with pride,
To numbers laughing round the fire side;
And really think, instead of half a crown,
If half a guinea, well it would go down.

Then you shall have my thanks, indeed, sincere;
 And if you please, my pen another year:
 But if determin'd to be so uncouth,
 As to adhere to nothing less than truth;

I beg a favour on the other side,
 Be cautious that the current of my pride
 You do not stop, by speaking my disgrace,
 As foolish folks might do before my face.

'Twould irritate me much, disturb my mind,
 Make me turn boist'rous as the northern wind;
 Nay, ruffle all my passions as the waves,
 Force my good tongue to call you fools or knaves.

For what are men, when fill'd with selfish pride!
 The honour they suppose their due, deni'd:
 Mere turbulents, unruly monsters quite,
 Grow fightable; for Poets, Sirs, can fight:

Witness the lofty Gifford and great Pindar,
 Whose sense, surpassing thousands, could not hinder:
 And I, tho' in the back-ground of the picture,
 Can fight, and might perchance, become the victor.

So for the sake of peace I here intreat ye,
With candour and complacency to greet me;
And on my part I'll love myself and you
A deal the better: reader, now adieu.

So for the sake of peace I here intreat ye,
 With candour and complacency to greet me;
 And on my part I'll love myself and you

A deal the better: now adieu.

23 JU 62

Dear Madam,

After my very affectionate farewell, you
possibly may find yourself a little surprised at the
following Ode; but I do not wish you to consider it
placed here for any purpose than to preserve the
later part of my remaining Poems.



O D E

TO LORD K...

EXALTED Sir, what have you been about!
Believe our province mightily full of fear,
Effect'd by your Lordship's tricks, no doubt;
For Heaven's sake, your Honour, don't come here.

Dear Readers,

After my very affectionate farewell, you possibly may find yourselves a little surprised at the following Ode; but I do not wish you to consider it placed here for any other purpose than to preserve the latter part of my very fascinating Poems,

O D E

TO LORD K---N.

EXALTED Sir, what have you been about!

Believe our province mighty full of fear,
Effected by your Lordship's tricks, no doubt:

For Heaven's sake, your Honour, don't come here.

Left we should lose our hops, our corn, and malt;
Nay, be debarr'd, perhaps, a single loaf:
By claiming justice, left like hounds at fault,
Our men of meal, and millers pushing off.

A many now imagine you too near;
Yes, grumble in their gizzards much indeed:
The Lord alone knows best, should you appear,
How we and our great feeders could proceed.

You'd be amaz'd, dread Sir, to hear the folks,
Around our neighbourhood, in converse sat:
Most solemn some, some flying-off their jokes,
Concerning of your conduct shown of late.

Here one displays an horrible long face,
And ventures to affirm, with fiding leer,
Which strongly indicates, for dire disgrace
A dreadful apprehension, panic fear;
Lord K----n, Sir, is certainly severe.

Undoubtedly, replies a sort of prig,
Severe, indeed amazingly severe;
Who pompous sits beneath a bushel wig,
To crimes sublime disdaining to adhere.

Now figure to yourself a great Lord Judge,
High seated, Sir, with many scores about him;
A 'Squire at the bar, nor dare to budge;
Exhibited a rogue, and none to doubt him.

What man, refin'd in taste, could well endure,
In public to be twited of a fault;
'T must hurt his tender feelings, to be sure:
Zounds, what a place to talk of hops or malt!

Prodigious shame! 'pon honour all must say it;
Commercial men from conscience 'gainst it rail:
Enormous fine to levy, make him pay it;
Then send a Gentleman, for sooth, to jail.

Oh, fie! oh, fie! what difference between
This day and that, when sporting in his plenty,
He purchas'd hops, and rose them to 15
From 12 good pounds, and hop'd he should to 20.

Lightly from his sweet lips fell that expression:
Ill-judging Justice lame, deaf, dumb, and blind;
Ne'er dreading, like a felon, for transgression,
To be arraign'd, non-suited, and confin'd.

No, no; but lucklessly, or rather galling,
Lord K---n fill'd the chair, and few known fitter;
Who prov'd to satisfaction full, forestalling
Had render'd Wor'ster hops uncommon bitter.

Thus, Sir, some vote you good, some hint you're bad:
Howe'er, I find, by what my neighbours say,
The major part for reasons would be glad;
And good ones too, no doubt, you'd keep away.

THE
ADVICE OF WISDOM.

Free Gift.

YE foolish folks who famine fear,
To council, full of wisdom fraught,
But deign to lend a partial ear,
A remedy you now are taught.

Procure for bread a substitute,
That's plentiful and very nice;
Then see that all around ye eat
But once a day instead of thrice.

If children should embrace your knees,
And raise their tender cries for bread,
Their little bottoms whip, and seize
A plea, to drive them off to bed.

Keep sturdily to your employ,
Nor let a murmur taint the breath;
Grieve not at what the great enjoy,
Since luxury brings disease and death.

With open countenance appear;
Disdain to wish a grain of wealth;
Quaff from Dame Nature's springs your cheer,
Which will, with abstinence, give health.

Then shall your blood e'er trickle cool,
Instead of swelling ev'ry vein;
And o'er your passions give you rule,
While none but gluttons feed on grain.

FINIS.

Townson, Printer, Chatham.

Keep firmly to your employ,
And with a patient mind the process
Of life, not at what the great enjoy,
Since luxury brings disease and death.

With open countenance appear;
Dilatory to with a grain of wealth;
Hail from Dame Nature's spring your cheer,
Which will, with abstinence, give health.

Then shall your blood e'er trickle cool,
Instead of swelling every vein;
And e'er your passions give you rule,
Which none but gluttons can gain.

FINIS